

In recalling their strike order the heads of the big railway brotherhoods acted with a sounder judgment than they would had they allowed it to go into effect. The strike could not have won. It had no support from the public and would have been a revolt against the constituted authority of the government as it is imposed in the U. S. Railroad Labor Board. It must be borne in mind that when railroad labor accepted the principle that the Labor Board could advance the wages of railroad labor under its legal authority, it perforce accepted the principle that the Board in its judgment could also reduce wages. There are three parties subservient to the Labor Board's decisions—railroad operators, railroad labor and the public—and each has the right to initiate an appeal to the Board. When the railroad brotherhoods under took to renig on this principle, when on the initiative of the operatives the Board decided on the 12 1/2 percent wage reduction, effective July 1, last, they assumed a position that was not tenable under the law from any standpoint. Either the law was a law for all the elements to which it applied or it was no law at all and the railroad operators were in now wise bound by the Board's decision in 1920, acting on the initiative of the operatives granting the latter a wage increase of 20 percent. That the strike order was a counter move against the appeal of the operators to the Board for further wage reduction does not change the aspect of the situation, except to put the brotherhoods in the light of attempting to dictate the Board's action. In plainer terms, it was a move, to bluff constituted authority. The man who has to take the losing end of a court decision rarely recognizes the justice of the ruling, but it is the bulwark of social order that he must bow to the verdict. We feel that in withdrawing the strike order the brotherhoods are in a much better position to court justice, in as much that they are again showing a proper respect for orderly procedure.

Forty tin mills in Pennsylvania resumed operations on fall time the other day. Sad news to the Dems.

The opening up of the sale of "medicinal" beer will probably cause an epidemic of the ailment for which it will be taken as a specific.

A St. Louis saloon keeper has just been fined \$1000 and given a year in jail for violating the prohibition law. Truly, the world do move.

Evelyn Nesbit has run the course of her kind. She has reached the suicide stage of her career. Virtue after all is the best policy.

Some day we will find the orderly solution of the differences between capital and labor. We are at the point anyway where the public is tired of having to suffer from strikes.

Statistics show that the consumption of ice cream has increased 100,000,000 gallons since prohibition went into effect, and no man after indulging in an ice cream orgy went home and beat his wife and broke the furniture up.

If you can hang onto life a few years longer, you needn't worry about croaking, for then you can't, you're gonna live forever in the flash of your body. And you won't have to work anymore for grub either, you will live eternally forever and ever. The crack of doom shall never menace us again, and all humanity that has passed into dust shall immediately rise and be with us. We have this on the authority of no less personage than Judge J. P. Rutherford, head of the International Bible Students' Association, and we guess the Judge knows what he is talking about.

Lloyd George, the British premier, on the eve of the international conference at Washington on the limitation of armaments, and at which he will be one of the most conspicuous figures, given the order for the augmentation of the British navy by four capital ships. There is in this action at this moment, under the circumstance of President Harding's invitation to England to join in the approaching conference, a lack of courtesy that borders closely upon offensiveness. It is paramount to a statement in advance that Great Britain's attitude is of one greater naval armament rather than a curtailment in that direction, and that her future policy will be the one she has sustained for a century—the domination of the seas. Under such conditions, the United States must surrender all thought of becoming a serious competitor of England for the world's ocean traffic or we must equip to defend the thought in practice. We are of the firm conviction that the Washington conference will be dictated by Great Britain or it will be absolutely barren of the results it is hoped will be obtained from it.

The late attempt of ex Emperor Carl of Austria Hungary to recover the throne of Hungary is but another exemplification of the selfish, cruel heartlessness of those who claim the social distinction of royalty. Several hundred lives were sacrificed in the attempt, if report speaks true, but what is that to Carl and his wife, Zeta. "Lives of the canaille, bah! What is that beside our personal aggrandizement?" How much finer, noble and conscious concern in the life and happiness of other human beings it would have been had this one exalted couple said that rather than that one man should die to restore us to our former position of grandeur, we would renounce it forever. There is in all this, too, another pointed lesson to the masses who lend themselves to fight to death for people called royal, who are the vicious spawn of wars. There wasn't an issue in the late world war, which cost millions of lives and untold treasure that couldn't have been settled without the sacrifice of a single life but for the inhumanity of "royalty."

Apparently the laws which the Democratic party made for governing Missouri and administered by that party for a long succession of years to the satisfaction and profit of that party become illegal when the Republican party undertakes to administer them to its satisfaction and profit. Take this state senatorial redistricting proposition which the Republicans are trying to accomplish, for instance. The Republicans, acting under an unchanged law which directs the proceeding, have shaped the new districts on a fair basis, but breaking up the arrangement of the old Democratic gerrymander which gave that party an unfair advantage in the control of the state senate. "All wrong," yell our Democratic friends, "you can't lawfully do that." And they will therefore appeal to the courts to prevent the new arrangement. It would appear from this attitude of our Democratic that they are throwing the stigma of questionable proceeding upon their party's last arrangement of the state senatorial districts.

When Senator Underwood of Alabama, who accompanied President Harding on the latter's speaking tour through the South last week, told one of the audiences that Mr. Harding was the greatest man in the country, he severely jarred the conceits of a certain party back in Washington who had been handed similar guff so often during the past eight years that he was entirely convinced of the truth of it, as it applied to himself.

The Missouri Democracy is a queer bird, as to speak. Just

let Governor Hyde go his gait, it says, and Missouri will go Democratic again at the next election, and then it goes to work and puts the hobble on him to arrest his pace.

## HERMIT LIVES NINETY YEARS

Missouri Woman Had Never Ridden on a Railroad or Visited a Large Town.

### HAD SIMPLE RULES OF LIFE

"Have Something to Interest You and Keep Going—Learn to Go to Sleep Easily and Don't Borrow Trouble."

Macon, Mo.—Ninety years in the back country of Missouri without ever having ridden in a railroad train or visited a town larger than Moberly, Huntville or Macon, was the record of "Aunt Betty" Elliott, whose death occurred recently at the home of her sister, Mrs. S. B. Rice, six miles west of Jacksonville.

Miss Elliott was one of a very interesting trio, the other two being her brothers, Perry and Jordan Elliott, who died a few years ago. All their lives they had lived upon the land which was taken up by their father, William Elliott, when he came from Kentucky to northern Missouri in 1810. After the death of their parents and the marriage of the younger children, Miss Elliott and her two brothers lived on the old homestead, carrying on their farming operations and duties about the house in the same primitive manner as conducted by their parents in the pioneer days.

Had One Ride in a Motor Car.

Miss Elliott once enjoyed the experience of riding in a motor car. She said she got as far as College Mound when something about it went dead and they had to hitch on a couple of mules to haul them back home. She never cared much for motor cars since then.

The Elliott brothers developed the estate into a farm of about 2,000 acres, and although in the heart of the very richest growing section of Missouri, much of it was rough pasture land. For a great many years the farm was inclosed with rail fences, which as time went by sank far into the ground. The fencing around this farm marks almost the last of the old rail fences in northern Missouri.

None of the three had found time in their busy lives to go to school, but they knew the value of stock and grain and were as shrewd in their deals as anybody. Underneath a large part of their land are valuable beds of coal.

"Flight shy of doctors and medicine. Have something to interest you and keep going. Learn to go to sleep easily, and don't borrow trouble. Get out in the air and raise turkeys, ducks and chickens. Eat heartily and go to bed early."

That was the rule of "Aunt Betty." Scarcely a day went by without a visit from the Elliott trio and spent a day with "the children of nature," who scorned luxuries to live the simple life of their parents, pioneers of Missouri. They did not correspond found a leaky house built by their parents a part of which was begun the year after the Civil war and never had been completed, and three "children," all more than seventy, who never had had time to even think about marriage. The only thing modern in the farm was a black-topping range in the kitchen which the boys had purchased for "Aunt Betty."

Late in the evening the two "boys" returned to the house. All talk in gentle, quiet tones. In brief they outlined their lives as follows:

Never too old to work.

Never had a quarrel with anybody.

Never swapped a horse.

Never owned a dog.

Never used tobacco in any form.

Never belonged to a church, but believed in God.

Never were in a lawsuit.

Never knew the extent of their wealth.

Kept their accounts with pins or shingles.

What was good enough for their forefathers was good enough for them.

### Fumes From Home Brew Made Neighbors Drunk

Home brewing has become such a passion with Thomas Higgins of Brooklyn, N. Y., that his neighbors informed Magistrate Liota that they were becoming drunk from the fumes ascending from his kitchen. His wife complains that Higgins himself became intoxicated. Before Magistrate Liota let Higgins go, he made him promise not to brew for a year or to taste another's product.

Three Fake Bank Notes Out.

Washington.—Detection of three additional counterfeit federal reserve notes was announced by the Treasury department, and the public was warned to be on guard. One is a \$50 note of the Federal Reserve bank of Kansas City. The second is a \$50 note of the Richmond (Va.) Federal Reserve bank, and the third is a \$50 note of the Federal Reserve bank of St. Louis.

## The ORIOLE

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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### SYNOPSIS.

#### PART ONE.

Proud possessor of a petting press and equipped with the latest in literary tools, Herbert Hingworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his cousin, Henry Rooter, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole, in the small town of Moberly, Mo. Being barred from any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine dislike to "boys," is frankly annoyed, and not at all backward in saying so. However, from she has written an accepted fiction in the Oriole, on a strictly confidential basis—each in advance. The sisters' particular chum, Patty Fairchild, pays her a visit. They are joined, despite Miss Atwater's explicit protest, by Master Herbert Rooter, a visitor and Miss Fairchild's cousin. A series of innocent riddles, which are in one called "What's the name of which is a contract to write a newspaper and answer, both to be kept a profound secret. The agreement is disturbed out. "Declining emphatically to participate in the venture with her cousin and Henry Rooter, Florence is played by Miss Fairchild's open declaration to the enemy, her erstwhile bosom friend apparently enjoying herself immensely in the company of the visitors and leaving with them.

"Now, a know," Mr. Dill returned. "She's been gone six weeks."

"Oh, I don't believe it's that long," Florence said, casually; then with more earnestness: "Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you something; it's kind of a funny question for me to ask, but—"

"Yes, she has," Noble interrupted, though not sensible that his remark was an interruption, for he had been unaware of Florence's voice in the after the word "long." "Oh, yes," she said, "it was six weeks, day-before-yesterday afternoon, I saw your father downtown this morning, and he said he didn't know that any of the family had been just when she was coming home. I thought maybe some of your relatives had a letter from her by this afternoon's mail, maybe."

"I guess not," said Florence. "Mr. Dill, there was a question I thought I'd ask you—it's kind of a funny question for me to—"

"Are you sure nobody's heard from your Aunt Julia today?" Noble insisted.

"I guess they haven't. Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you—"

"It's strange," he murmured. "I don't see how people can enjoy visits that long. I should think they'd get anxious about what might happen at home."

"Oh, grandma's all right; he says he kind of likes to have the house nice and quiet to himself; and anyway Aunt Julia enjoys visiting," Florence assured him; "Aunt Fanny saw a newspaper from one of the places where Aunt Julia's visiting her school roommate, that had her picture in it and called her 'the famous Northern Beauty'; it was down South somewhere. Well, Mr. Dill, I was just saying I believed I'd ask you—"

But a sectional rancor seemed to affect the young man all at once. "Oh, yes, I heard about that," he said. "Your Aunt Fanny lent my mother the newspaper. Those people in that part of the country—well—" He paused, remembering that it was only Florence he addressed; and he withheld from utterance his opinion that the Civil war ought to be fought all over again. "Your father said your grandfather hadn't heard from her for several days, and even then she hadn't said when she was coming home."

"No, I expect she didn't," said Florence. "Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you something—it's kind of a queer kind of question for me to ask, I guess—" she paused. However, he did not interrupt her, seeming preoccupied with gloom; whereupon Florence permitted herself a deprecatory laugh and continued: "It might be good answer no; but anyway I was going to ask you—it's kind of a funny question for me to ask, I expect—but do you like poetry?"

"What?"

"Well, as things have turned out lately I guess it's kind of a funny question, Mr. Dill; but do you like poetry?"

Noble's expression took on a coldness; for the word brought to his mind a thought of Newland Saunders. This was a poet of Noble's age, who wrote verses to Julia—that too lovely, about Aunt of Florence's. "Do I like poetry?" said Noble. "No, I don't."

Florence was momentarily discouraged but at her age people usually possess an invaluable faculty which they lose later in life; and it is a pity they do lose it. At thirteen—especially the earlier months of thirteen—they are still able to set aside and dismiss from their minds about any doubt, no matter how subtle those doubts have asked for recognition. Children especially allow themselves to become dead, so to speak, to undesirable circumstances; most frequently, of course, to undesirable circumstances.

in the way of a misadventure; so that fathers, mothers, nurses, or governesses, not comprehending that this mental deafness is for the time being entirely genuine, are liable to hear-reen both of throat and temper. This-teen is an age when the fading of this gift or talent—one of the most beautiful of childhood—begins to impair its helpfulness, under the mistaken stress of discipline; but Florence retained something of it. In a moment or two Noble Dill's disaffection toward poetry was altogether as if it did not exist.

She coughed, inclined her head a little to one side, in her mother's manner of politeness to callers, and, repeating her deprecatory laugh, remarked, "Well, of course it's kind of a funny question for me to ask, of course."

"What is, Florence?" Noble inquired absently.

"Well—what I was saying was that 'course it's sort of queer me asking if you liked poetry, of course, on account of my writing poetry the way I do now."

She looked up at him with a bright readiness to respond modestly to whatever exclamation his wonder should dictate; but Noble's attention had straggled again. He failed to comprehend what she had set before him.

"Has she written your mother lately?" he asked.

Florence's expression denoted a mental condition slightly disturbed. "No," she said. "It's going to be printed in the North End Daily Oriole."

"What?"

"My poem. It's about a vast amen—anyhow that's probably the best thing in it. I guess—and they're going to have it tomorrow, or else they'll have to settle with me; that's one thing certain. I'll bring one over to your house and leave it at the door for you, Mr. Dill."

Noble had but a confused notion of what she thus generally promised. However, he said, "Thank you," and nodded vaguely.

"Of course, I don't know as it's so awful good," Florence admitted insincerely. "The family all seem to think it's something pretty much; but I don't know if it is or not. Really, I don't!"

"No," said Noble, still confused. "I suppose not."

"I'm half way through another one. I think myself it's a good deal better. I'm not going as fast with it as I did with the other one, and I expect it'll be quite a ways ahead of this one." She again employed the deprecatory little laugh. "I don't know how I do it, myself. The family all think it's sort of funny; I don't know how I do it myself; but that's the way it is. They all say if they could do it they're sure they'd know how they did it; but I guess they're wrong. I presume if you can do it, why it just comes to you? Don't you presume that's the way it is, Mr. Dill?"

"I guess so," they had reached his gate, and he stopped. "You're sure none of your family have heard anything today?" he asked anxiously.

"From Aunt Julia? I don't think they have."

He sighed, and opened the gate. "Well, good evening, Florence."

"Good evening," her eyes followed him wistfully as he passed within the inclosure; then she turned and walked quickly toward her own home; but at the corner of the next fence she called over her shoulder, "I'll leave it with your mother for you, if you're not home when I bring it."

"What?" he shouted, from the vicinity of his front door.

"I'll leave it with your mother."

"Leave what?"

"The poem!"

"Oh!" said Noble.

His mother handed him a copy of the first issue of the North End Daily Oriole, the next day when he came

He Read It Without Edification; There Was Nothing About Julia in It.

home to lunch. He read it without edification; there was nothing about Julia in it.

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## PROBATE COURT DOCKET—NOVEMBER TERM.

Docket of cases in which settlements are due from executors, administrators, guardians and curators at the sitting term of the Probate Court of Washington County, Missouri, to be held at the Court House in the city of Potosi, Missouri, on the second Monday in November, 1921.

First Day—Monday, November 14th, 1921.

NAME AND OFFICE. SETTLEMENT.

William Mosier, minor. M. E. Rhodes, guardian. Final.

Hays Wampler, minor. Ma May Springer, guardian. Annual.

Katie E. Pinner, minor. Kate Pinner, guardian. Annual.

Charles Williams, minor. Albert S. Williams, guardian. Annual.

Edward Hanson, minor. Chas. A. Young, guardian. Annual.

J. B. Peters, deceased. Jesse Waller, executor. Annual.

Richard M. Bagg, deceased. Mary B. Everette, executrix. Final.

Second Day—Tuesday, November 15th, 1921.

Jessie A. Hawkins, deceased. Maud J. Hawkins, executrix. Final.

Robert Fortz, deceased. Wm. C. Johnson, administrator. Final.

P. J. Nolan, deceased. W. J. Nolan, administrator. Annual.

Eliza Mosier, deceased. O. C. Malley, administrator. Annual.

Daniel Oster, deceased. Chas. H. Richman, administrator. Annual.

J. A. Finson, deceased. J. L. Finson, administrator. Annual.

L. T. Hall, deceased. F. B. Hall, administrator. Final.

Third Day—Wednesday, November 16th, 1921.

Wm. M. Foster, deceased. T. L. Gorn, administrator. Final.

Byron DeForest, deceased. Mary E. DeForest, administratrix. Final.

Philip C. Evans, deceased. Maud Evans, executrix. Final.

Oliver F. Hasey, minor. Wm. F. Hasey, guardian. Annual.

Martha B. White, minor. M. E. Rhodes, guardian. Annual.

Clara Conzelmann, insane. Henry Conzelmann, guardian. Annual.

I, Lovel Bryan, judge and ex-officio clerk of the Probate Court of Washington County, Missouri, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true copy of the settlement docket for the November term, 1921, of said court as same appears of record in my office. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court at my office in Potosi, Missouri, this 7th day of October, 1921.

(SEAL) LOVEL BRYAN,  
Judge and Ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court.

## BANK OF POTOSI

POTOSI, MO.

Capital \$15,000 Surplus & Profits \$20,000

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INSURED AGAINST BURGLARY

We respectfully solicit your business and offer every inducement consistent with conservative and safe banking

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## Have you been too busy to take a Vacation this Summer?

Special Winter Tourist Fares

(October 1st, 1921, to April 30th, 1922; return limit May 31st, 1922)

To many Resort Points in the South and Southwest especially attractive for Winter Seasons

All-Year Tourist Fares (REDUCED RATES)

To several destinations in California and the Northwest, also to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, all reserved for their quality as outdoor and pleasureable to the Winter Tourist. Railroad expenses when desired.

The Missouri Pacific Way Will Please!

Detailed information obtainable of any Travel Agency or

C. L. STONE

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MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY

St. Louis, Mo.

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Continued next week.

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One of the most recent arrivals at the University in this change of their location in Japan.

This is the Czechoslovak representative of Tokyo, photo taken about the summer when he arrived in Yokohama.

The gentleman was minister of the Interior at Prague in 1918.

Old State Building (Potosi)

Langdon, R. B.—What a fine man was running the State Building, and they a 20-story building in Potosi, Mo. A. P. Whitehead, executive officer of the building, had a fine view of the city from the top of the building.

The building was built in 1918, and was the first building of its kind in Potosi, Mo.

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